# The Hallroom Boys Take Advantage of the Blue Laws. Copyright, 1907, by American-Journal-Examin













## Braggo the Monk-Everybody Knows Him.

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## It Happened in Birdland.



BABY'S IN THE CARRIAGE,-





# Rhymo the Monk Minds the Baby.



SEE THE PITTY SUNSHINE!

DO BE CAREFUL IOW! I'LL WATCH YOU COME AROUND EVERY TIME







### A Christmas Carol

(and a Postscript.)







fond of a dollar to throw it away dollars and two weeks' vacation." and she lived a dull life in a shabby little her luck might change. Scrooge grew house in town aguring in the Erie joke- glowier than ever. book. Mrs. Serooge was really of a friv. "Speckle!" he cried, thrusting another olous disposition and had a secret longing bill into the hand of the dumfounded clerk. for Manhattan, jewels and one raiment, "take this. And if you show up in this but Scrooge was such that she had never office before New Year's I'll-I'll punch

In his office Scrooge was regarded by the bill and beat it rapidly. other end of the knout. Speckle, the clerk; You should have seen Tommy disappear. Miss Peachblow, the stenographer, and when he was in the office was a wonder.

Speckle, although he just adored Miss "For you, my dear," said Scrooge Peachblow, never even cast a look in her he got home. direction when his boss was around. It wasn't a very pleasant office, but Scrooge's And she gave Scrooge a kiss. And work was done in a remarkably speedy Scrooge felt so happy. and efficacious manner.

It was a couple of days before Christmas should have seen the look in Mrs. Scrooge's that Scrooge underwent his sudden and eyes.
marvelious change. I don't know just what aiters Scrooges' characters, but I think this meant before," said Scrooge. Scrooge had had a couple of unaccustomed cocktails, and a small boy, begging under he thin disguise of selling postals, reminded P. S .- The Scrooges moved. And of him that it was near Christmas.

gave the boy a dollar bill.

stenographer I ever had."

stenographer wondered what had gone associates don't call him "Old Granite" any

D SCROOGE was a hard man and too ever knew. I wish you'd take this fifty or give it away to some one who You should have seen how prettily Miss might not treat it so kindly. His wife Peachblow blushed. But she took the bill knew him too well to ask him for money, and beat it rapidly, almost as if she feared

dared even to hint for a dollar upon which your head." Speckle was even more confused than Miss Peachblow. But he took

his employes with about as much affection "Tommy, here's ten dollars. Have a good as the Russian has for the official at the time and I wish you, a merry Christmas."

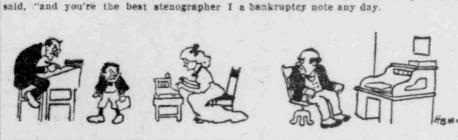
Tommy, the office boy, were all in mortal locked up the office and bought a dia-Scrooge fairly radiated happiness. He dread of Scrooge, and the way they worked mond that was about as big as a ben's egg

"For you, my dear," said Scrooge when

"And I think we'll get a house in New York after Christmas," he said. And you

And he just glowed.

course Mrs. Scrooge couldn't wear anything "Bless my soui!" exclaimed Scrooge in a but the swaggerest clothes with such a diaglow of benevolence slightly tinged with mond, and, having found her courage, she alcohol. "Bless my soul! So it is." And he just did work old Scrooge for everything from poodle pups to touring cars. As for When Scrooge entered the office he the office, it's the worst conducted in noticed for the first time that Miss Peach- town. Tommy's away shooting craps all blow was really pretty. "Remarkably pret- day. Miss Peachblow comes down late and ty," he said to himself, "and the best goes home early and spurns work. Speckle isn't a bit afraid of the old man and I "Miss Peachblow," he called, and the think he's robbing him. Scrooge's business more, but "Easy Mark," and they do him "You've had a hard year's work," he for as much as they can. I expect to see



# The Man and the Snow.



BLESS the snow! But somehow my old heart aches As I watch the silvery drifting flakes From the office window. Lord, I remember The thousand joys of a white December, Back in the clean old country place, Before I joined in this money race. Drift down, you flakes. When I shut my eyes The shiny white hill before me lies, And up at the top a crowded sled And beside me a girl all rosy and red.

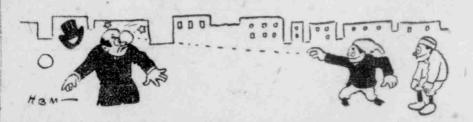
Can't forget that, eh? Whizzzzz—down the hill and a couple of little hands grabbing tight at your jacket and maybe a spill at the foot, and you felt a kind of a chevalter or a knight or somebody old and grand as you pulled Rosy Cheeks out of a drift—or you had a snow fort and you were Napoleon or Andrew Jackson and won a glorious victory, and Rosy Cheeks just happened to be passing and saw that you'd won, and you bet she must have thought you were a mighty fine fellow, and—oh, well—and gee, what fun it was to wait behind the corner with a hard, fat snowball and when old Pompous came along let him have it just above the collar and run; Lord, how you did run and laugh, and run and laugh and fall down in the snow and just LAUGH!

BLESS the snow! But here I am idling and dreaming, In a world that is mostly flim-flamming and scheming. It took me away for a second or two,
The sight of the snow. But this never will do;
I've got to get home; no end of a rush;
Dinner, some business, more business, a crush. wonder who Rosy Cheeks married?-Oh, well, It's maybe—perhaps—oh, you never can tell.

My coat and my hat! I must hustle and go—

Whew, how biting the air! Curse the wind—and the snow!

Siush and mush and mud and snow blowing all over, and up and down, and around—good Lord! if there's a thing on earth I hate it's snow. There's that truck splashing mud all over me—why do they allow 'em in the streets and (SLIP) ouch! strained my back that time, I'll bet—never will get as far as the Subvay—no, I don't want a paper—I don't care—right into a puddle. (WHANG!) That little devil — an outrage!—what are children coming to!—we never threw snowballs in my young days!



#### Inscrutable Mysteries. By C. B. QUINCY.



Why do mosquitoes never bite frogs?—

Ernest Thompson Scton.

HE Eager and Fearless Investigator of nature's mysteries set forth on his journey through the juugles, deserts and forests of the world. Meeting a horfible Gila monster in his path the Fearless investigator jotted down another query:

Why do Gila monsters never cat seasonally in a lazy attliude, not troubling to make the slightest response to his question. Oh, the mystery of things!

On went the Fearless Investigator; on, on over mountains, through lakes, partly over and partly through country roads, until at last he entered the city. After a hasty glance around he jotted down another question:

Why is a hare never bald?

But there was none to answer, although many laughed lightly, thinking the question a frivolous jest instead of an attempt.

To reach the hidden mystery of life.

Stumbling onward through a dense forest of fruit trees, the Fearless Investigator paused in amazement at the marvellous paused in amazement at the marvellous paused in anazement at the marvellous paused in amazement at the marvellous paused i